FITE-A CALIFORNIA ROMANCE.

PART L-CHAPTER L.

Just where the red track of the Los Gates road streams on and upward like the sinuous trail of a flery rocket until it is extinguished in the blue shadows of the Coast Range, there is an embayed terrace near the summit, hedged by road the eye rested upon it wistfully; all along the flank of the mountain, which seemed to pant and quiver in the oven-like air; through rising dust, the slow creaking of dragging wheels, the monotonous cry of tired springs, and the muffled heat of plunging hoofs, it held out a promise of sheltered coolness and green silences beyond. Sunburned and anxious faces yearned toward it from the dizzy, swaying tops of stage coaches, from lagging teams far below, from the blinding white canvas covers of "mountain schooners," and from scorehing saddles that seem to weigh down the scrambling, sweating animals beneath. But it would seem that the hope was vain, the promise illusive. When the terrace was reached it appeared not only to have caught and gathered all the heat of the valley below, but to have evolved a fire of its own from some hidden crater-like source unknown. Nevertheless, instead of prostrating and enervating man and beast, it was said to have induced the wildest exaltation. The heated air was filled and stifling with resinous exhalations. The delirious spices of baim, bay, spruce, juniper, yerba buene, wild syringa, and strange aromatic herbs as yet unclassified, distilled and evaporated in that mighty heat, and seemed to fire with a midsummer madness all who breathed their fumes. They stung, smarted, stimulated, interleated. It was said that the most jaded and foot-sore horses became furious and ungovernable under their influence; wearied teamsters and muleteers who had exhausted their profanity in the necent drank fresh draughts of inspiration in this flery air, extended their vocabulary, and created new and startling forms of objurgation. It is recorded that one bibulous stage driver exhausted description and condensed its virtues in a single phrase: "Gin and ginger." This felicitous enither flung out in a generous comparison with his favorite drink "rum and gum." clung to it ever after. Such was the current comment on this vale of

epices. Like most human criticism it was hasty and superficial. No one yet had been known to have penetrated deeply its mysteri-ous recesses. It was still far below the summit and its wayside inn. It had escaped the in-truding foot of hunter and prospector; and the inquisitive patrol of the County Surveyor had only skirted its boundary. It remained for Mr. Lance Harriott to complete its exploration. His reasons for so doing were simple. He had made the journey thither underneath the stage coach, and clinging to its axle. He had chosen this hazardous mode of conveyance at night, as the coach crept by his place of concealment in the wayside brush, to clude the Sheriff of Monterey County and his posse, who were after him. He had not made himself known to his fellow passengers as they already knew him as a gambler, an outlaw, and a desperado; he deemed it unwise to present himself in his newer reputation of a man who had just slain a brother gambler in a quarrel, and for whom a reward was offered. He slipped from the axle as the stage coach swirled past the brushing branches of fir, and for an instant lay un noticed, a scarcely distinguishable mound of dust in the broken furrows of the road. Then, more like a beast than man, he crept on his hands and knees into the steaming under-brush. Here he lay still until the clutter of harness and the sound of voices faded in the distance. Had he been followed it would have been difficult to detect in that inert mass of rags any semblance to a known form or figure. A hideous reddish mask of dust and clay obliterated his face; his hands were shapeless stumps exaggerated in his trailing sleeves. And when he rose, staggering like a drunker man, and plunged wildly into the recesses of pieces and patches of his fraved and rotten garments clung to the Impeding branches. Twice he fell, but, maddened and upheld by the smarting solees and stimulating aroma of the air, he kept on his course.

Gradually the heat became less oppressive: once, when he stopped and leaned exhaustedly against a sapling, he fancied he saw the zophyr he could not yet feel in the glittering and tremsighing rustle, and he knew he must be nearing the edge of the thicket. The spell of silence thus broken was followed by a fainter more musical interruption-the glassy tinkle of water! A step further his foot trembled on the verge of a slight ravine, still closely canopied by the interlacing boughs overhead. A tiny stream that he could have damined with his hand yet lingered in this parehed red gash in the hillside and trickled into a deep, irregular, well-like eavity, that again overflowed and sent its slight surplus on. It had been the buxurious retreat of many a spotted trout; it was to be the bath of Lance Harriott. Without moment's hesitation, without removing a single-garment, he slipped cautiously into it as if fearful of losing a single drop. His head disappeared from the level of the bank; the solitude was again unbroken. Only two objects remained upon the edge of the ravine-his re-

voiver and tobacco pouch. A few minutes elapsed. A fearless blue jay slighted on the bank and made a prespecting peck at the tobacco pouch. It yielded in favor of a gopher, who end avored to draw it toward his hole, but in turn gave way to a red squirrel, whose attention was divided, however, between the pouch and the revolver, which he regarded with mischievous fascination. Then there was a splash a grunt, a sudden dispersion of animated nature, and the head of Mr. Lange Harriott appeared above the bank. It was a start ling transformation. Not only that he had by this wholesale process, washed himself and that he had, apparently by the same operation mornly cleaned Aimself, and left every stain and ugly blot of his late misdeeds and reputation in his bath. His face, albeit scratched here and there, was rosy, round, shining with irrepresable good humor and youthful levity His large blue eyes were infantine in their in pocent surprise and thoughtlessness. Dripping yet with water, and panting, he rested his elbows lazily on the bank, and became matantly absorbed with a boy's delight in the inovements of the gopher, who, after the first slarm, returned cantiously to abduct the tobacco pouch. If any familiar had failed to do test Lance Harriott in this hideous masquerade of dust and grime and tatters, still ics would any passing stranger have recognized in this blend faun the possible outcast and murderer. And when with a swirl of his spattering sleeve he drove back the goptier in a shower of

have accepted his fetonious hiding place as a mere picateking bower. A slight breeze was unmistakably permeating the wood from the west. Looking in that direction. Lance imagined that the shadow was less dark, and although the undergrowth was denser he struck off carele-sig toward it. As he went on the wood became lighter and lighter; tranches and presently leaves, were painted against the vivid blue of the sky. He know he must be near the summit stopped. felt for his revolver, and then lightly put the

spray and leaped to the bank, he seemed to

tew remaining branches aside, The full glare of the nonaday sun at first blinded him. When he could you more clearly e found bimself on the open western slope of he mountain, which in the Can-t Range was eldem wooded. The spiced thicket stretched between him and the summit and again betwoen him and the stage road that plunges from the terrace like forked lightning into the alley below. He could communical all the appreaches without being seen. Not that this cemed to occupy his thoughts or cause him buy naxiety. His first act was to discurrently

himself of his tattered coat; he then filled and lighted his pipe, and stretched himself fulllength on the open hillside, as if to bleach in the flerce sun. While smoking he carelessly perused the fragment of a newspaper which had enveloped his tobacco, and being struck with some amusing paragraph, read it balf. aloud again to some imaginary auditor, em-

his leg. Possibly from the relaxation of fatigue and the bath, which had become a vapor one as he alternately rolled and dried himself in the baking grass, his eyes closed dreamity. He was awakened by the sound of voices. They were distant; they were vague; they approached no nearer. He rolled himself to the verge of the first precipitous grassy descent. There was another bank or plateau below him, and then a confused depth of olive shadows, pierced here and there by the spiked helmets of pines. There was no trace of habitation, yet the voices were those of some monotonous occupation, and Lance distinctly heard through them the click of crockery and the ring of some household utensil. It appeared to be the interjectional, half listless, half perfunctory domestic dialogue of an old man and a girl of which the words were unintelligible. Their voices indicated the solitude of the mountain, but without sadness: they were mysterious without being awe inspiring. They might have uttered the dreariest commonplaces, but, in their vast isolation, they seemed musical and elequent. Lance drew his first sigh-they had suggested dinner.

Careless as his nature was he was too cau-tious to risk detection in broad daylight. He contented himself for the present with endeav-oring to locate that particular part of the from which the voices seemed to rise. It was more difficult, however, to select some other way of penetrating it than by the stage road. "They're bound to have a fire or show isfled with that reflection, lay down again. Presently he began to amuse himself by tossing some silver coins in the air. Then his attention was directed to a spur of the Coast Range which had been sharply silhouetted against the cloudless western sky. Something intensely white, something so small that it was scarcely larger than the silver coin in his hand, vas appearing in a slight cleft of the range.

While he looked it gradually fliled and oblitrated the cleft. In another moment the whole secrated line of mountain had disappeared. The dense, darding white, encompassing host began to pour over and down every ravine and pass of the coast. Lance recognized the sea fog, and know that scarcely twenty miles away lay the ocean—and safety! The drooping sun was now caught and hidden in its soft em-braces. A sudden chill breathed over the mountain. He shivered, rose, and plunged again for very warmth into the spice-laden thicket. The heated balsamic air began to affect him like a powerful sedative; his hunger was forgotten in the languor of fatigue; he slumbered. When he awoke it was dark. He groped his way through the thicket. A few stars were shining directly above him, but beyond and below everything was lost in the soft, white, fleecy veil of fog. Whatever light or fire might have betokened human habitation was hidden. To have pushed on blindly was madness; he could only wait for morning. It suited the outcast's lasy philosophy. He crept back again to his bed in the hollow and slept. In that profound silence and shadow, shut out from human association and sympathy by the ghostly fog, what torturing visions conjured up by remorse and fear should have pursued him? What spirit passed before him, or slowly shaped itself out of the infinite blackness of the wood? None. As he slipped gently into that blackness he remembered, with a slight regret, some bis cuits that were dropped from the coach by a careless luncheon-consuming passenger. That pang over, he slept as sweetly, as profoundly, as divinciy, as a child.

CHAPTER II.

He awoke with the aroma of the woods still steeping his senses. His first instinct was that of all young animals; he selzed a few of the young, tender green leaves of the perba buena vine that crept over his mossy pillow and ate them, being rewarded by a half berrylike flavor that seemed to soothe the cravings of his appetite. The languor of sleep being still upon him, he lasily watched the quivering of a sunbeam that was enought in the canonying boughs above. Then he dezet again. Hovering between sleeping and waking, he became conscious of a slight movement among the dead leaves on the bank beside the hollow in which he lay. The movement appeared to be intellibling of leaves in the distance before him. gent, and directed toward his revolver, which glittered on the bank. Amused at this evident return of his largenious friend of the previous day, he lay perfectly still. The movement and rustle continued, but it now seemed long and undulating. Lance's eyes suctionly be set; he was intensely, keenly awake. It was half hidden in the moss, groping for the weapon. In that flash of perception he saw that it was small, bare, and deeply freekied. In an instant he grasped it firmly, and rose to his feet, dragging to his own level as he did so the strugging figure of a young girl.

"Leave mego," she said, more ashamed than frightened. Lance looked at her. She was scarcely mor than fifteen, slight and lithe, with a boyish flatness of breast and back. Her flushed face and bare throat were absolutely peppered with minute brown freekles, like grains of spent gunpowder. Her eyes, which were large and gray, presented the singular spectacle of being hao freek ed-at least they were shot through in pupil and cornea with tiny spots like powdered allspice. Her hair was even more remarkable in its tawny decrakin color full of ighter studes, and bleached to the faintest of blondes on the crown of her head, as if by the action of the sun. She had evidently outgrown her dress, which was made for a smaller child, and the too brief skirt disclosed a bare, freekled, and sandy desert of shapely limb, for which the darned stockings were equally too cant. Lance let his grasp slip from her thin wrist to her hand, and then with a good-humored gesture tossed it lightly back to her.

at him in half-surly embarrasement. "I ain't a bit frightened," she said. "I'm not going to run away -don't you fear," "Ghal to hear it," said Lance, with unmistakable satisfaction, "but why did you go for

She did not retreat, but continued looking

She flushed again, and was silent. Presently she began to kick the earth at the roots of the tree, and said, as if confidentially to her foot; I wanted to get hold of it before you did."

You did 7 and why ?"

"O, you know why," Every tooth in Lanco's head showed that he did, perfectly. But he was discreetly silent. "I doin't know what you were hiding there she went on, still addressing the tree, and," looking at him sideways under her

white lashes, "I didn't see your face," This subtle compliment was the first suggestion of her artful sex. It actually sent the blood into the eareless rascal's face, and for a moment confused him. He coughed. you thought you'd freeze on to that six-shooter

of mine until you saw my hand?"
She nodded. Then she picked up a broken hazel branch, fitted it into the small of her nck, threw her tanned burg arms over the ends of it, and expanded her chest and her bleeps at the same moment. This simple acs supposed to convey an impression at

once of ease and muscular force. "Forlage you'd like to take it now," said Lance, handing her the pistol.

I've seen six-shooters before now," said the girl evading the proffered weapon and its suggestion. "Dad has one, and my brother had two derringers before he was half as big as me." She stopped to observe in her companion the effect of this capacity of her family to bear arms. Lance only regarded her amusedly, Presently she again spoke abruptly:

What made you eat that grass, just now?'

"Yes, there," pointing to the yerba buena, Lance houghed. "I was hungry Look," he

said, gayly tossing some affver into the air "Do you think you could get me some break-fast for that, and have enough left to buy omething for yourself?"

The girl eyed the money and the man with half-bashful curionity. "I recken dad might give ye suthing if he had a mind ter, though ez a rule he's down on tramps ever since they run off his chickens. Ye might try."

But I want you to try. You can bring it to me here." The girl retreated a step, dropped her eyes and with a smile that was a charming healta-

tion between bashfulness and impudence, said: So you are hidin', are ye?" "That's just it. Your head's level. I am,"

laughed Lance unconcernedly.
"Yur ain't one o' the McCarty gang—are ye?" Mr. Lance Harriott felt a momentary moral exaltation in declaring truthfully that he was not one of a notorious band of mountain free-booters known in the district under that name. "Nor ye ain't one of them chicken lifters that raided Henderson's ranch? We don't go much on that kind o' cattle yer."

No," said Lance, cheerfully, "Nor ye ain't that chap ez beat his wife unto death at Santa Clara?"

Lance honestly scorned the imputation. Such

conjugal ill treatment as he had indulged in had not been physical, and had been with other There was a moment's further hesitation on

the part of the girl. Then she said shortly: "Well, then, I reckon you kin come along with me.

"Where?" asked Lance, "To the ranch," she replied simply. "Then you won't bring me anything to eat

"What for? You kin get it down there." Lance hesitated. "I tell you it's all right," she continued. "I'll make it all right with dad." But suppose I reckon I'd rather stay here," per-lated Lance, with a perfect consciousness.

per-sisted Lance, with a perfect consciousness, however, of affectation in his caution.

"Stay away then," said the girl coolly; "only as dail perempted this yer woods."

"Pre-empted," suggested Lance.
"Per-empted or prem-emp-ted, as you like," continued the girl scornfully, "ex he's got a iolt on this yer woods, ye might ex well see him down thar ex here. For here he's like to come any minit. You can bet your life on that."

She must have read Lance's amusement in his eyes, for she again dropned her own with a frown of brusque embarrassement. "Come along then: I'm your man," said Lance, gayly, extending his hand.

She would not accept it, eyeing it, however, furrively, like a herse about to shy. "Hand me your pistol first," she said.

He handed it to her with an assumption of gayety. She received it on her part with untegred seriousness, and threw it over her shoulder like a gun. This combined action of the child and heroine, it is quite unnecessary to say afforded Lance undituted toy.

Yours first, she said.

say afforded Lance undiqued joy.

You go first, "she said.

Lance deped promptly out, with a broad grin. "Looks kinder as if I was a prisner, don't it?" he suggested.

"Go on, and don't fool, "she repiled.

The two fared enward through the wood. For one moment he entertained the facetious idea of appearing to rush frantically away," just to see what the girl would do," but abandoned it.

"It's an even thing if she wouldn't spot me the first pop, he redicted admiringly.

When they had reached the open hillside Lance stopped inquiringly. "This way," she said, pentring toward the summit, and in quite an opposite direction to the valley where he had heard the voices, one of which he now recognized as hers. They skirted the thicket for a few moments, and then turned sharply into a trail which began to die toward a ravine leading to the valley. Why do you have to go all the way round? he asked.

"He don't," the girl replied with emphasis; "there's a shorter cut,"

"Where?"

"That's telling," she answered shortly.

What's telling," she answered shortly. What's your name? asked Lance, see scramble and a drop into the ravine Fig. "

Lots. But they re not bug," she returned, with a stellong grance.

Oh, they re hot bug?" said Lance gravely. They had by this time reached a smail staked enclosure, whence the sadden fluttering and sheale of poulity welcomed the return of the evident mistress of this servan retreat. It was scarcely imposing. Further on a cooking stove under a tree, a saddle and bridle, a few household implements scattered about, indicated the Binch. Lake nost proheer clearings, it was simply addesoranized raid upon mature that had left behind a desolate battlefeld strewn with waste and decay. The failen trees the custod thicket, the spinitered limbs, the rudely formup soil were made hiddens by their grotespar juxture sation with the wrecked fragments of evidention. In empty cans, broken bottles, battered hats, sociess books, frayed stockings, east-off rags, and the crowning absurdity of the twisted wire skelebon of a boosed skirt hanging from a branch. The wildest defin, the denses thicket, the most virgin sofraide was less dreary and forform than to a first footprint of man. The oney redeeming feature of this prolonged bivounce was the cabin itself. Built of the mail-cylindrical straigs of pine lark, and thatched with the same uniterial, it had a certain picturesque rusticity. But this was an accident of economy rather than tasle, for which Flip spelogized by saying that the bark of the pine was an agood? For chargooi.

It reskon Dall's in the woods, she added, pausing before the open door of the choice, of the pine was an agood "for chargooi."

Teskon Dall's in the woods, she added, pausing before the open door of the choice, set pines a vocc answered Flip. There was a pause of a few moments, with some mattering, and the woold in a saw wore suddenly prefermated, and somewhere from the depths of the chose-set pines a vocc answered Flip. There was a pause of a few moments, with some mattering, and then the sudden appearance of "Dal."

Hist Lance Brist met him in the thicket he would have been puzzled to assign his race to shong re not but ?" said Lance gravely.

be reseated and consumelies veriments in dyeing his gray hair. Without the slightest notice of Lance, he milicted his probeting and querulous presence entirely on his daughter.

Well what's up now? Yer ye are calling me from work as hour before noon. Dog my skin, et I ever got farrly limbered up afore it's Dad? and O. Dad?

To Lance's income satisfaction the girl received this harangue with an air of supreme indifference, and when "Dad" had reapsed into an unmichigible and, as it seemed to Lance, a half-frightened muttering, she said coolly:

"Ye'd better drop that are and scoot round gettin this stranger some broakfast and some grab to take with him. He's one of them san Francisco sports out here trout fishing in the branch. He's got adrift from his party, has lost his rod and flying and lind to camp out last night in the Gin and Ginger Woods.

"That's just it: It's allers suthin like that," screamed the old man, dashing his flet on his log in a facthe, impotent passion, but without looking at Lance, "Why in blazes don't he go up to that there blamed hole on the summit? Why in thinder—" But here he caught his daughter's large freekied eyee full in his own. He blinked feeldy, his voice full into a tone of whining entraity. Now, look yer, Fift, it's playing it rather low down on the old man, this yer running in o' trangs and desarted emigrants, and castashore sailors, and forforn widders, and ravin' limites on this yer running in o' trangs and desarted emigrants, and castashore sailors, and forforn widders, and ravin' limites on this yer running in o' trangs and desarted emigrants, and castashore sailors, and forforn widders, and ravin' limites on this yer running in o' trangs and desarted emigrants. I put it to you, Mister' he suid abroutly turning to Lance for the first time, but as if he had already laken an active part in the conversation—"I put it as a gentum man if uis is the square thing?"

He force Lance could receive Hip had already begin, "That's just it! D'ye reckon less goil' to show his nead outer t

despairingly at Lance. "In course," he said, with a deep sigh, "you naturally ain't got any money. In sourse you left your pocketbook, containing fifty dollars, under a stone, and can't find it. In course," he continued, as he observed Lance put his hand to his necket, "you've only got a blank check on Wells, Fargo & Oo, for a hundred dollars, and you'd like me to give you the difference?"

Amused as Lance evidently was at this, his absolute admiration for Fip absorbed everything else. With his eyes still fixed upon the girl, he briefly assured the old man that he would pay for everything he wanted. He did this with a manner quite different from the caroless, easy attitude he had assumed toward Fip; at least the quickwitted girl noticed it, and wondered if he was angry. It was quite true that ever since his eye had failen upon another of his own sex its glance had been less frank and careless. Cortain traits of possible impatience which might develop into manslaying were coming to the fore. Yet a word or a gesture of Flip's was sufficient to change that manner, and when she had, with the frestial assistance of her father, prepared a somewhat sketchy and primitive repast, he questiond the old man about diamond making. The eye of Dad kindled.

"I want fer know how ye knew I was making

manner, and when she had, with the fretful assistance of her father, prepared a somewhat
sketchy and primitive repast, he questiond the
old man about diamond making. The eye of
Dad kindled.

"I want ter know how ye knew I was making
diamonds," he saked, with a certain bashful
pettishness not unlike his daughter's.

"Heard it in 'Frisco,' replied Lance, with
glib mendacity, glancing at the girl.

"I reckon they're gettin' sort of skeert down
there—them jewellers," chuckled Dad, 'yetit's
in nater that their fliggers will have to come
down. It's only a question of the price of charcoal. I suppose they didn't tell you how I made
the discovery?"

At any other time Lance would have stopped
the old man's narrative by saying that he knew
the story, but he wished to see how far Flip lent
herself to her father's defusion.

"Ye see one night about two years ago I had
a pit o' charcoal burning out there, and tho' it
had been a smouldering and a smcking and a
pit o' charcoal burning out there, and tho' it
hid been a smouldering and a smcking and a
pital o' charcoal worth a cent. And yet, dog my
skin, but the heat o' that er pit was suthin
hidyus and frightful; ye couldn't stand within
a hundred yards of it, and they could feel it on
the stage road three miles over yon—"tother side
the mountain. There was nights when me and
Flip had to take our blankets up the ravine and
camp out all might, and the back of this yer hut
shrivelled up like that bacon. It was about as
nigh on to hell as any sample ye kin get here.

Now, mebbee you think I built that air fire?
Metbe you'll allow the heat was just the nat'rat
burning of that pit?"

Certainly, 'said Lance, trying to see Flip's
eyes, which were resolutely averted.

Thet's whar you'ld be lyin'! That yar
heat kem out of the bowels of the yearth—kem
up like out of a chimbley or a blast, and kep up
that yar firo. And when she cools down a
month after, and I got to strip her, there was a
hole in the yearth and a spring o' bilin', scaldin'
water pourin' out of it ez big as your waist

Lance did not speak, but turned a hard, unsympathizing look upon the old man and rose almost roughly. The old man clutched his coat. That's it, ye see. The carbon's just turning to di'mens. And stunted. And why? Cos the heat wasn't kep up long enough. Meebe yer think I stopped thar? That aint me. Thar's a pit out yar in the woods ex hex been burning six months; it haint, in course, got the advantages o' the old one, for it's nat'ral heat. But I'm keeping that heat up. I've got a hole where I kin watch it every four hours. When the time comes I'm har! Don't you see? That's me! that's David Fairiey—that's the old man—you bet."

"That's so," said Lance curtly; "and now Mr. Fairiey, if you'll hand me over a coat or a macket till I can get past these logs on the Monlercy road. I won't keep you from your diamond pit." He threw down a handful of silver on the table.

"Ther's a deerskin jacket yer," said the old man, 'that one o' them vaqueros left for the price of a bettle of whiskey.

"I recken it wouldn't suit the stranger," said Flip, dubiously producing a much-worn, slashed and braided vasuero's lacket. But it did

"What's your name?" asked Lance, after a steep scramble and a drop into the ravine.

"Fip."
"What?"
"Fip."
"I mean your first name—your front name."
"Fip."
"The Oh, short for Felipa!"
"I aint Fipper—it's Flip. And she relapsed into since.
"You d'at task me mine?" suggested Lance. She did not vouchsale a reply.
"Then you don't want to know!"
"Maybe did will. You can lie to him."
This direct abswer apparently sustained the agreeable homicale for some moments. He moved onward stiently exuding admiration.
"Only," added Flip. "with a sudden caution."
"Only," added Flip, with a sudden caution.
"You'ld better agree with me."
"The trail here turned again abruptly and reentered the cafeen. Lance cooked up and not beay theket and the plateau that towered far above them. The trail here shewed signs of clearing, and the way was marged by felled trees and stumps of pines.
"What does your filner do here?" he finally asked. Filp romained silent, swinging the revoiver. Lance repented ling question.
"Buras charcoal and makes damonds," said Flip, looking athin from the corners of her eyes. Makes dismonds?" echosed Lance.
"In man, that one of them twouldn't suit the stranger," said Flip, dubiously producing a nucle-worn, slashed ward wouldn't suit the stranger," said Flip, dubiously producing a nucle-worn, slashed ward wouldn't suit the stranger," said Lance, who found it warm, and also had suit Lance, who found it warm, and also had suit Lance, who found it warm, and also had suit Lance, who found it warm, and also had suit Lance, who found it warm, and also had suit Lance, who found it warm, and also had suit Lance, who found it warm, and also had suit Lance, who found it warm, and also had suit Lance, who found it warm, and also had suit Lance who found it warm, and also had suit Lance who found it warm, and also had suit Lance who found it warm, and also had suit Lance who found it warm, and also had suit Lance who found it warm, and also had suit Lance who found it warm, and also had suit Lance who found it warm, and also ha

what I think," replied Fip, hopping from bonder to bonder, as they crossed the bed of a dry watersourse.

"And I suppose you've piloted round and dry-nussed every tramp and dead beat you've met since you came here," continued Lance, with anmistakable ill humor. "How many have you helped over this road?"

"It's a year since there was a Chinaman chased by some Irishmen from the crossing into the brush about yer, and he was too afteered to come out, and high most starved to death in thar. I had to drag him out and start him on the mountain, for you couldn't get him back to the road. He was the hast one but you."

"Do you recken it the right thing for a girl like you to run about with trash of this kind, and mix herself up with all sorts of roughs and bad company?" said Lance.

Fip stopped short. Look! If you're goin to talk like Dad I'll go back."

The ridiculousness of such a resemblance struck him more ke nity than a consciousness of his own ingratitude. He bastened to assure Fito that he was joking. When he had made his peace they fell into talk nagan, Lance becoming unsealish enough to inquire into one or two facts concerning her life which did not the pians when sho was a baby, and her portioner had ran away from home at 12. She fally appected to see him again, and thought he might some time stray into their caffon.

"That is why, then, you take so much stock in tramps," said Lance. "You expect to recognize han?"

"Well," replied Fip, gravely, "there is suthing in that, and there's sutaing in this some of him a good turn for the stake of me."

"Like you. You'd do him a groos brother and do him a good turn for the stake of me."

"Like you, You'd do him a provise brother in the might some time stray into their caffon."

"The was half-conscious of an irritating sense of pastousy as he asked if any of her proteges had ever returned.

"No, said-Fip, no one ever did. It shows." she added with subtime singlicity, I had done 'em good, and they could get on alone. Don't it?"

"The Postmaster?"

"Yes, he's responded La

ier shoulders, ran en ahead, picked up a few pebbies and threw them into the wood, glaneed back at Lance with swimming mottled eyes, that seemed a piquant incarnation of everything suggestive and tanalizing, and said. That's telling."

They had by this time reached the spot where they were to separate. "Look" said Flip, pointing to a faint deflection of their path, which seemed, however, to lose itself in the underbrush a dozen yards away, "there's your trail. It gels plainer and broader the further you get on, but you must use your eyes here, and get to know it well afore you get into the fog. Good-by." Lance took her hand and drew her beside him. She was still redolent of the spices of the thicket, and to the young man's excited fancy seemed at that moment to personity the perfume and intoxection of her native woods. Haif laughingly, half carnestly, he tried to kiss her: she strungled for some time strongly, but at the last moment yielded with a slight return and the exchange of a subtle fire that thrilled him and left him standing confused and astounded as she ran away, the watened her lithe, nymnh-like flare disappear in the chequered shadows of the wood, and then he turned briskly down the half hidden trail. He specially was soon well on his way toward the distinit ridge.

But Plip's return had not been as rapid, When she reached the wood she cropt to its beetling verge, and looking across the caffon watched lance's flare as it vanished and reappeared in the shadows and sinussites of the ascent. When he reached the model in from her gaze, Flip sighed, raised herself, put her alternate fool on a stump, and took a long pull at her too-brief stockings. When she had pulled down her skirt and endeavored once more to renew the intimacy that had existed in previous years between the edge of her petitional and went home.

[To be continued next Sunday.]

(To be continued next Sunday.)

PORMS WORTH READING.

The Two Roses. From the Chicago Tribune. I send two roses to my fair,
A red one and a white,
And if she love me, she will wear
The pure white rose to night;
But if my love dany me grace,
To but my hope be dead,
Is her sweet boson she will place
The fatai one, the red. In hope and fear the day I spend;
Each moment slowly goes,
For all my finite deth depend
'On, that the night would come,' I sigh,
Then wish 'were only mon;
For me, if nope be doomed to die,
The night will come too soon.

She comes I and with her comes a breath of rease on the air:
And be it life or be it death
I look upon my fair.
I see the white rose on her breast,
The red rose on her cheek;
What here of words to tell the rest,
Eo plain the roses speak!

Gluseppe Garibaldi-A Liberal Judgmen from a Roman Catholic Source. From the Boston Pilot. Could we enter through the portal where the souls that

Could we enter through the portal where the souls that are immortal.

Come before the Judge of all men to be told their final form before the Judge of all men to be told their final falls.

Could we stand among the angels, who announce or glad evangels.

Or fell judgments of damnation on the creatures who await.

Would it mercy be or censure that our ears would persavenure.

Hear the Arbiter who ruleth there pronounce upon the man.

Who, though recluse at Captera, was a hero of the era in which his days began?

He was friend of Pope and focusen, and his scarletshirted yearner and former, and his scarlet-leught against the Church and for her, as their leader if in later years he hated what hefore he vindicated, Will all his early featly interceds noways for him? Who can sa. I Divine compassion is not stinted in the fashion That we mete our hus in pity to the recreants who fall;

It forgave the Jew and Roman, dying thief and sinful And condoned the bitter hatred of the persecuting Saul. For his country's liberation, harassed long by degra-dation.

dation.
Under foreign despots groaning, sighed his patriotic breast;
If to drive out these maranders he had spared the Papal borders.
Then would Portiff, priest, and people have forgiven him the rest

not a truce to supposition! whether malice or ambition Was the motive of his actions, he has reached at last Where no plots of kings and kaisers, or intrigues of their so laters.

Will disturb his restless spirit with their workings any W. D. K.

As the Wind Blows.

From Harper's Weekly. The wind blows north, the wind blows south,
The wind blows east and west,
No matter how the free wind blow,
Some ship will find it heat.
Source one and on the wide, wide sea
Shouts with a happy air.
Hot shipmates, ho is it all the sails,
The wind is blowing fair!

One ship sails out into the east, Another to the west; One has to struggle flerce and hard, By winds and waves oppressed. Under there musts, to seed to and fro, By rain and sail spray wet; The other ties before the rais With all her white sails set.

"O Wind. O Wind, why dost thou blow, And out to oven rear. When I would steer my little bark Toward som pleasant shore? What hoor will like in the If down beneath the wave My simple craft and I shall find A cold, forgotten grave?"

"O foolish one, why will thou steer Against the mighty cale? There are ten thousand ellips affoat Besides thy tiny sail. If thou would float o'er pleasant seas, Oppose my will no more: When I blow shoreward, then do thou Sail also to the shore.

"Yet if thy will with mine must strive, In then the best thou can; In theh the best thou can:
Against my might set all thy skill,
And flath me like a man.
Stand by the whoel, steer steadily.
Seep watch above, below.
Such hearts with make the ports they seek,
So matter what winds blow.

The Ball Room Rainbow

From Demorest's Monthly Magazine, Fold away my rainhow, In its stripes most fair, Keep its fragile hearty From the western klare. In my heaven no lenger Storm and sometime meet And bloss hors so brillian Scal no promise sweek.

These are robes, transfigured, Which I wore in days Which I were in days When youth a tremenant prism clarved the solar rays. Quiety dismiss them: Fold them each to each. In harmonicos hierding. Elequent as speech.

Hunting green, most roy al, With an edge of gold al, I, a maden hintress. Chased, through Pancy's wold, Beautiful commander, Quarties to be hit. Singled them with my wile who r. Pierced them with my wile.

Here's imperial purile For which this was we

Here is rosy reduces a Nuch a blush wore I. When the south I dream Praised me, passing to Birrail it in the suiset, Hide it in the rose.

In this blue, men saw me. Like a turquise bright. Mith a through the first that the wind the first that the first th

Youth's sharp prism sunderes Rivery web, that whiteus in the venter seem.

Peld away my raintow in the soliton rest:

Lef Truth's far rivery

An unmortal guest

Sengs of May Morning. From the Boston Trunscript A CHARGE TO THE SERS.

Oc forth. O been, at blush of prime, Go forth. O been and waste no time; Tot the jew their each; climb Of every bloom that opens fresh this hour; And be yet sure ye that the apple tower. Oh, shight the violet, if we will, And shight the grown gold dailedth, And wwacinth, made e ceter will By settengessings of the unduly this shower; But see ye pass not by the apple dower.

I could forgive ye, that ye missed The Him tubes of americant The Him tubes of americant has knowle. And all the assess in windowski black bewer; But see ye pass not by the apple flower. O been though ye were now released

11. Oh, would you know to by
Subright to her eye.
It dignies your own in he greeing?
Why he shows are so white
That the smoothate hight
Would melt, unpersoned in the meeting?
Wit the awards of in the meeting?
In the pink of her checken.
Her lips with red roses competing?

Bach morning shw's gone
With the bied soles of dawn.
And the bed in the pasters that timing,
To bathe in the less
Of the May, when it's new.
On the crass and flowers as it winkles;
They that do so.
Are best guarded, I traw.
Against withering Time and his wrightes.

111. MATERS.

Good morning. O sweet morning.

Kies me with son and wind.

Anti-without word of warning.

Drive without from the nind.

Then let the heart be taken.

To hear the son a warning.

The robine wiver further.

The robine wiver further.

The sparrows may the miner way?

The robine wiver further.

The sparrows may the miner.

The sparrows may the miner.

The sparrows may the miner.

The stark along mellow an invite.

Where helps are seed and moset;

The finch upon the finiste.

The sparrows and the miner.

The sparrows and the miner.

Where spare the tensite of the sparrows and the miner.

Where a pone the tensite of the sparrows and the miner.

The swallow taken and sparrows are failure.

All chark the argule a tree.

The swallow taken may be possed.

The start was a relating.

The start was shall be now about.

The start was shall be now about.

The chark the miner was a swall.

The chark of a say a swall.

But hard from taken years a shall be from the miner.

And bobolink notes updatible.

From weather grass washe.

The clack bird free from the milliag.

In helds of planted corn.

All mad with jey the morn!

All mad with joy this morn!

THE FREE COLLEGE EXAMINATION

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir : In your issue of late date Mr. John O'Kane Murray takes exception to one of the questions in history given to the candidates at the recent examnation for admission to the College of the City of New York and to the Normal College. The examination papers for this purpose are, I believe, jointly approved by the Presidents of both institutions, if not prepared by them, and are justly and properly a subject for criticism, especially as the interests of so many young persons, male and female, depend upon them. Mr. Murray's criticisim is cogent as far as it goes; but I propose, with your permission, to go a little further, for I think that an examination of these papers on the different subjects will show that whoever prepared the questions contained therein had very little appreciation of what is proper for such an oc-

appreciation of what is proper for such an occasion, with only a superficial knowledge of the subjects themselves, and, moreover, was wanting in literary accuracy. I propose to illustrate this by a few citations.

Among the questions in history I find the following: "What great territory was purchased in 1892?" Certainly a very indefinite question in the first place; and, in the second, if the words by the United States are understood, one that requires for its answer only the single word none. Probably the pupils of the grammar schools, being better informed than their interrogator, answered: The territory of Louisiana, the cession of which to the United States was negotiated in 1803. Such a blunder as this, however, tends to confuse and mislead a nervous child, and certainly causes him or her to lose time, an important element in this examination, as will be seen further on.

Again, we have the following: "What political difficulties arose in sonnequence of the admission of Miscouri into the Union?" I should her to lose time. an important element in this examination, as will be seen further on.

Again, we have the following: "What political difficulties arose in sonsequence of the admission of Missouri into the Union?" I should very much like to see the answers of the candidates to this profound query and the marks of the professors. As it stands, this question would require considerable time and snace for anything like a complete answer. Probably, however, it involves a blunder, the intention of the examiner being to refer to the difficulties that attended the admission of Missouri rather than those that, more remotely, were consequent upon it; and this seems to be indicated by the next question. How were they settled?" The style of this paper is execuble—slovenly in the extreme, while, emanating from such a source, it ought to have been a model of property. For example, how cleant this is: "Give the dates and short accounts of the settlements of Rhode Island and Maryland." How many times were Islode Island and Maryland settled? Again. Name the principal events from 1765 to 1775. Events of what—in connection with what individual, place, or movement? The whole paper is thus blundering, misleading, and slovenly in the extreme.

The paper on grammar is, if possible, werse, In respect to construction, style, and punctuantion, the language of the questions themselves would afford a sufficient basis for the critical skill of an elementary student of English grammar. For example: "When corrected and reconstructed, is to analyze his work; or, perhaps, it means that the candidate is to correct and reconstructed, is to analyze his work; or, perhaps, it means that the candidate is to correct and reconstructed is to analyze his work; or, perhaps, it means that the candidate is to correct and reconstructed, is no analyze his work; or, perhaps, it means that the candidate is to discover whether they agree or not."

The candidate is then required to parse the subjects and predicates for the purpose of accertaining their agreemen

in the Adirondacks. Farmer Sherman is re-In the Adirondacks. Farmer Sherman is reported to have gone to the Green Mountains, in company with a combination swivel plough of extraordinary ment. Farmer Lawrence as said to be engaged in a joint stock enterprise at the Grand Union Farm at Saratogs, and the Chair certainly, with a trained and currons eye, is watching the crops along the Potomae. Mr. Cutter sits all day long writing poetry about san seets and termadoes in a lawrinart field of devia prickers on his estate at Lattle Neck, and by no means can Farmer Martin be decoyed from a survounding of green tals and straibberty at Third account and St. Mark's place where he fells under a striped awding and keeps thily in a guit hoteneok with a stylo-grandle rem of the red parasols that go had synchety that for the red parasols that go had so

from a surrounding of green this and surable bery at Third awone and St. Mark's place, where he bells under a striped awains and keeps thirly in a girt notebook with a strip graphic pen of the red parmods that go by. The reverend intracer from Maryland is where he is from harvesting wheat. Farmor Carrish is in Laplanu. The only leading farmers in fact at the last meeting were the aged into farmer with the brown funch basics and a well-known and most versatile farmer, where intime at his own request, is omitted from this report. The proceedings were of a substinct and molanoscity nature and their conclusion could not but have been acceptable to any sensition of the farmer reports to the following letter road to the cauli the week previous:

To the Paramer replied to the following letter road to the cauli the week previous.

To the Paramer replied to the following letter road to the cauli the week previous:

To the Paramer at the soft at the bodies and take of Farmer replied to the following letter road to the cauli the week previous:

To the Paramer at the soft at the bodies and take afternative and the soft are soft as a warmer were a second to be people what they should east the analysis of Farmer and the soft of the following it was a cheap and matritions the as a reasonable feet the people what they should east thin and a soft of the soft for the week recommended as the soft of the week recommended as the soft of the week recommended the soft of the soft of the soft in the most strong as week recommended to the diet in the most strong as week recommended to a foreign and it has soft for the way a signed found in a soft of the weak and they have a soft of the weak and the same and the soft of the weak and the same and the soft of the weaker the soft in the soft of the weaker for odd, but an anomaly advantage of the weaker for odd, but an anomaly advantage of the weaker for odd, but and former has a new care it was a should be seen as a soft of the weaker for odd, but an anomaly of the soft of the weaker for o

Parising function the rank years using Parising function and versatile farmer stated that he had caused search to be made for the author of this letter and that he had discovered that he did not exist. The farmer then addressed the chib until the time of adjournment upon a variety of topics. He said that the substance of calves was givenous and contained little or no intraper and that he had contained little or no intraper and that he had denny three.

The mind larly farmer offered no remarks. At 4 o'clock, the amount of the duty this he had denny in september she feated out through the adjournment of the club until the season the half and passed with a rapt expression down the broad steps on the Brooklyn side.

A Miserly Terrier.

J. H. Cole of Paliston Sion for a negative restrict which has de eleptor a real mass of realists of the action of the state of the stat

THE BROOK FARM PERIOD IN NEW ENGLAND.

From Demorest's Monthly Nagazine.

The death of Ralph Waldo Emerson re-

The death of Ralph Waldo Emerson recalls to public attent on that extraordinary period of scattling radicalism which provaided in New England, and to some extent bovend it, when he was in his prime. It was an era so unlike the present that it seems ecutories away. The eighty-two pestilent heresies that were already received up in Massachusenta before 1638, or the generation of old names and natures" which the Earl of Strafford found among the English Roundheads could hardly surpass those of which Beston was the centre and Horace Greeley's Tribone to some extent, the organ, between the year 150 and the absorbing political excitement of 1848. The best single picture of the time is to be found in Emerson's lecture on New England Reformers," delivered in March, 1841, but it tells only a small part of the story. Carlyle's works had stimulated youthful minds in Emerson's lecture on New England Reformers, writings had made a certain impression in France, and German literatury played an important part in the movement but America was, after all, the chosen seens.

The mental agitation ranged from the most cultivated to the most ignorant persons; German theology, as interpreted by Brownson and Parker, reached one class, white the Second Advent movement fired another. The Anni-Slavery agitation was a feeder to the whole excitement, supplying a class of persons who were ready to forsake all and follow conscience. The Hutchinson family were its minstrels—a band of Puritan behomians—five of money; phrenology and physiology, then ranked together, contributed to the speculative enthusiasm; Alcott preached what Carlyle called a "potato geospel;" Graham denounced botted flour; the water cure was coming into favor; the body must be feaned and blooked organization and practices not only prevailed, but must be linked together; reform was not a series of reforms," as now toytes the whole marty ticket, When, in 1847. I went to reside for some years in a manufacturing town in Massachuseits, where the operatives were still chiefly Amer

Give the dates and short accounts of the extent thements of Rindel Island and Maryland. However, the content of Rindel Island and Several Inc. and Several I

iand (not France), and a cross is tween a burning sort and an Engli-farmer's smock frack. These were also were in Harvard students in those days; but the youn men at Brook Parm superanded little picture scane vizoress can Harvard sta forms in these days, but the young men at lipsek Parm superacided little metric esque vizoress capes a costaine in which freezing vizoress capes a costaine in which freezing vizoress capes a costaine in which freezing the text of the cost of the text of the text of the cost of the text of the

Housekeeping in the White House.

From the titole fremment. Mrs. Stover, the daughter of Andrew John ... was a most thorough and excellent housewife at the perfy therder and management of the extensive won a reputation for deposite falcute that a verific and meation bright envy.

Mrs. Grait was altraother the heat his whose 7 to me sinh ever had, and the most of her county as a special deviants how to patch, turn, and make present and the well-worn furnishings, since as mining the patch of perfect condition with exerctions which and end traps to the race and cripped farm are of the earlief.

Brs. Haves left things more to the care of the large during her four years, and during the name of the field and affection the theath stage at Prosper

It was not cleaning the Angelor region to be and buses to a proper condition for Prophysic Acid that facilities when condening aces of the color orders when the first impacts the testing the color of the color tisted are st. President Arthur out of the mo-with some reasonable completency. He was into the overprivate from a posted careful tinte of Johan's egg blos and margon to gold and bronze, and then it was fruink that not a tower in the White Bronze stores. I summethed and then drauppeared after Prestolds three and his successor's first of the command the purchase of those to the first to the configuration before he would try his humbs